



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

"Why, I suppose you let yourself drop down," answered Mr. Seymour.

"Oh, the sorra bit, your honour; but I—**AWOKE!**"

"Awoke!" cried Seymour; "surely you were not asleep!"

"Wisha an' that's thrue I was, an' instead of the little man being batin' me, 'twas only the wife that was thumpin' my head, to awake me to go to my supper—so you see, Sir, I only dreamt all about *The Three Devils*."

B. A. P.

* * We are assured by our respected correspondent that the above was actually a dozing dream of a respectable farmer living in his neighbourhood.

A POET'S DREAM.

"I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain!"

Romeo and Juliet.

Let me describe a scene—a faerie scene,
Where I was once—perhaps in dreams—I know not!
For they are my realities, and mingle
Weavings of rainbow-hues in the dark web
Of waking sorrow, not unpleasingly!

A bright sky, glowing with the azure light
That lives upon a southern heaven; a stream
Sighing its lazy way through willow branches,
And wild-flowers that do haunt the river-side—
The palaces perchance of dainty fays,
Who die, like oak-nymphs, with their painted bowers!
A sun, whose glinting rays did wanton with
The dimpled waters, till they sang for joy;
And two tall poplars on the further bank,
Shedding long shadows on the wave—like thoughts
That darken on us in our brightest hours!
Between these poplars gleamed an antique temple,
Modelled in antique beauty from the visions
Of Grecian art. 'Twas ruined!—yet its pride
Of perfect form could ne'er have harmonized
So sweetly with the spirit of the place,
And his who gazed upon that lonely scene—
As when its sculptured columns—fallen, or hid
With hoary moss and tangling herbage—seemed
To mourn, and mingle with the gentle mood
Of his half-weeping soul!

Beneath a bower
Of intertwining boughs I lay—and knew
That bliss which hath the rapture of a dream,
With all the clearness of a waking thought,
Which lifts the soul to heaven, by making earth
A paradise of loveliness and love!

There was no sound to break the stillness, save
The drowsy descant of the lagging brook,
The trill of birds, and oft the distant dashing
Of oars most musical. Mine eyes upturned
Unto the broken fane, and the green woods
That waved above it. These were ancient homes,
Where men of power had lived—but they were gone!
Where happy hours had been—but they were vanished!
And while I gazed, enchantment stole upon me;
Fancy—wild Fancy, wreathing past and future

Into one golden *present*, pictured all
A Poet's dream of bliss, and gave it being!

Still, still, I slept not: but mine eyelids drooped,
And, unperceived, all outward things had stolen
From my rapt sense! Yet, 'twas the same rich scene!
But peopled with the beautiful and brave
Of by-gone years: and fairer, fairer far,
Than ever rose upon a mortal's eye,
Or won a mortal's heart, were those bright creatures,
Who roved adown green alleys and dark walks;
Or, circling round some sunny place of light,
Wove wondrous tales of distant climes, and spoke
The storied marvels of antique romance!
Some wreathing violets in their scattered tresses,
And roaming hand in hand through tangled paths;
One murmuring in low, dove-like tones to him
Who sate beside her—and another twining
A chain of wood-flowers round a stooping elm,
Till the mild plants did picture innocence,
Soothing with fond embrace a rugged sire!
And lo! the ruined temple's marble brilliance
Gleamed pure and lovely—and the crimson hue
Of rose-leaves blushed upon its whiteness, even
As sun-set upon snow! One lovely maid
Paced slowly though a far, sequestered path;
Her eye was glancing to th' immortal heavens—
Her heart was beating with a mortal love!
She walks, with trembling step and timid eye,
Towards the bright temple: she hath passed its portal,
And one who loves her stands within. They plight
No faith of words—for their pure hearts can feel
A faith that asks no language!

It is past!
My wayward fancies change. Once more the world
Sinks back upon my soul. The ruined fane,
The dashing waters, the wild solitude
Of birds, and trees, and melancholy sounds—
That utter loneliness, where asks in vain
The desert heart—"Oh, whither, golden dreams!
Whither has fled your gorgeous mockery?"
And answers it, perhaps by breaking!—all
Crush me with sullen sense of pain. And, still,
Fancy is not all fled! The same fond pair—
The same—yet, oh, how altered—have returned
A heaven upon my visions. Lo, they stand
Near the same altar, where their hearts were bound
By the invisible ties of early love:
The altar prostrate, but the love eternal!
They have seen many sorrows: they have sailed
In the same little barque o'er life's wild sea;
And, even when wrecked, have clung together still!
And here again they gaze, with weeping eyes,
Upon the lovely scene where first they loved
In olden years; and strangely do they look
Each on the other's face—and strange their feelings,
Standing within that fallen fane. Alas!
The sky, the stream, the forest, are unaltered;
Nature and love are changeless. 'Tis the heart,
The wearied heart, that alters—fades—decays!
Why should *they* live another hour? To them
Life, in its thousand forms of weal and woe—
The bliss of youth—the quietude of age—

Are known. They ask it not. One lingering look,
 Ineffable as an angel's smile—she droops
 Softly upon her husband's breast—and both
 Sink in the temple of their bridal love.
 The altar-stone is now their monument !

'Twas but a train of idle fancies—such
 As often float upon my dreaming soul,
 When rapt in still seclusion. Thus the Bard
 Peoples the desert with prolific mind,
 Living most thronged when most alone. Oh, earth !
 What wert thou, were we bound within the prison
 Of earthly things ! 'Tis well to learn to live
 In a far clime, where innocence and peace
 Shed smiles that turn the weeds of life to flowers ;
 A clime of shadowy beauty ;—there the soul
 Can never weary—lost to all but Heaven,
 In the sweet idlesse of perpetual dream—
 Such is the Land of Poesie !

Trin. Coll.

W. A. B.

DIGNITIES, FEUDAL AND PARLIAMENTARY.*

The authors of the Parliamentary History, given to the world in 1762 in 24 volumes, commence their laborious work with the following declaration:—"Parliaments are without all doubt of very ancient extraction ; but to fix the time of their beginning in this kingdom, is a matter attended with so many difficulties, that *it may be called folly or madness in any writer to attempt it.*" None but a fool or madman would attempt impossibilities ; but to pronounce a man foolish or insane, for attempting to solve doubts and subdue difficulties, would be to establish a doctrine subversive at once of all improvement, and exhorting mankind to lie down and expire in hopeless and contented ignorance. Such doctrines we leave to China and Japan—there they have been for ages established, and there they flourish with such baneful effect, that two thousand years have rolled over the natives of those regions in vain—such as Confucius left them at that distant era, such they still remain. The strong language used by the writers of the Parliamentary History may, however, serve to show the numerous extraordinary impediments which lie in the way of a writer such as the author of the work before us, in his attempt to clear away the rubbish in which the valuable store of ancient history lay involved ; how far Sir William Betham has succeeded in unravelling the tangled skein which has baffled and bewildered so many able writers, remains to be determined. In the announcement of his work, he, in the true spirit of his profession—a king at arms—at once boldly and unhesitatingly threw down the gauntlet ; of the manner in which he has redeemed his pledge, it is now for us to consider.

* *Dignities, Feudal and Parliamentary, and the Constitutional Legislature of the United Kingdom. The Nature and Functions of the Aula Regis, the Magna Concilia, and the Communia Concilia of England, and the History of the Parliaments of France, England, Scotland, and Ireland, investigated and considered with a view to ascertain the Origin, Progress, and Final Establishment of Legislative Parliaments, and of the History of a Peer, or Lord of Parliament.* By Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower of His Majesty's Castle of Dublin, M.R.I.A. F.S.A. F.L.S., &c. Vol. I. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Co. ; T. and W. Boone, New Bond-street, London.—1830.